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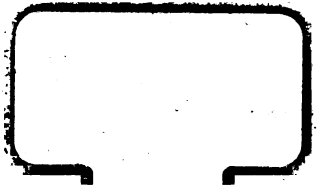

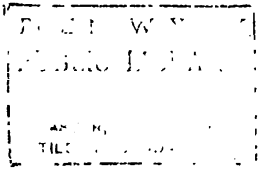

They had gone about two blocks when they ran into a tribe of Indians.—*Frontispiece.*

TWISTED HISTORY

By

FRANK C. VOORHIES

AUTHOR OF

"Love Letters of an Irish Woman."
"Mrs. McPiggs of the Very Old Scratch."
"Reflections of Bridget McNulty," Etc.

Illustrations by

T. CROMWELL LAWRENCE

G. W. DILLINGHAM COMPANY

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[1904]

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Twisted History. *Issued March, 1904*

TO

D. A. V.,

WHO IS JEALOUS OF THIS BOOK BECAUSE
SHE CLAIMS THAT I SAT UP
LATER AT NIGHT WHILE
WRITING IT THAN I
DID
WHILE COURTING HER

Preface

AM about to speak plainly, and about myself.

Every one who buys this book is my friend—at the time of buying it, anyway—and, as it is perfectly proper to speak about one's self to friends, I feel that you will not think me magniloquent, thrasonical or gasconading when you read what I have to say in this little foreword.

I am a historian, a statistician and a philanthropist.

I am:

A historian, because I can write his-

tory the like of which no man has ever dared to turn out. Facts and fiction are sisters, and as they were strangers —according to an old adage—I have brought them together at a family reunion.

A statistician, because I have learned, by looking over statistics, that there are about 80,000,000 people in the United States to-day.

A philanthropist, because I have given my brethren a history of the early years of their country that will benefit them greatly. I can also truthfully say that it contains not one word that will harm the sturdy minds of "Young America."

As I have said, I have figured that

there are 80,000,000 people in the country now. I have also reckoned on the saying that the average American family consists of five people.

Now, you must admit that every American family should own a history of the United States, and to tell the truth, I cannot at the present moment think of any history that would better adorn your bookshelf or parlor table—if you keep your precious volumes in the parlor—than my own great book, which you now have in your hands.

By dividing 80,000,000 by 5, I find that there are 16,000,000 families amongst us at the present time. I am planning on copies of this book entering at least

15,000,000 of these family circles by June 1st.

I trust that I may not be disappointed.

I know you will be pleased with "Twisted History," for we guarantee it can be readily digested without the aid of pepsin.

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Twisted History

CHAPTER I

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

HE first person and main guy to be considered by the historian who would do the proper thing and give a full and true account of the ups and downs of the great United States, is Christopher Columbus, the real boy who fired the pistol that gave the New World its start. Hence I will say a few words, in fact, all I know, about Chris, the great discoverer.

TWISTED HISTORY

Little Chris was born, so they tell me, in Genoa, Italy, about 1445, and he grew up to be an ambitious lad and mama's pet. He went to the public schools until he was fourteen and when he left it was, I think, at the special request of the sour old Board of Education, because little Chris spent most of his days playing hookey and more time practising sailors' knots than he did learning to repeat the multiplication tables. On good authority, I find that Christopher was unable at the age of fourteen to name, in order, the presidents and vice-presidents of the United States, with their dates. He knew nothing of George Washington and his hatchet, and, in fact, a ten-year-

old schoolboy of to-day knows more about such things than Columbus did at twenty.

After he left school—again at the request of the Board of Education—his mother, like all doting owners of bright boys, had great hopes for him, and planned that he should go into business with a banana stand on the corner of Twenty-third Street and Vermouth Avenue. But not on your life for Christopher! This little son of Italy was not for the banana trade at all, at all. He wanted to go into the sailor business, and from daylight to dark he loved to dally about the barnacle-beridden docks, listening to the sailors repeating their

Sunday-school lessons. He was always daffy when he heard the old salty-looking mariners talking shop, and one evening when he came home and cried out, "Shiver my timbers," mother dear knew it was all off, and that her little Christopher was cut out for a rover on the raging main.

Soon after that his old man got him a job on a sailing vessel, and he proved to be such a wise young gazabe, and learned so much all in a bunch that he was made commander two weeks after he shipped. He used to sail to the Canary Islands, and people have said that it was he who invented the Canary bird; but for this statement, being a faithful chronicler of

facts, I cannot stand sponsor. He was also game enough to sail down the coast of Africa several times, never having nerve enough, however, to lose sight of land, and at one time he came near landing at Cape Town and exploring the kopjes, but the funny names he saw on the map put a crimp in his courage, and he was scared off.

One day, while he was loafing around Lisbon after a voyage, he decided—as do all sailors who feel earth under their feet—to liquor up a bit, so he dropped into an old tavern that was noted for its sosh liquids. The head waiter put him down at a table where another fellow was sitting, for the place put up a good free

lunch and was always crowded, and Chris, after he had gotten outside of a drink or two, began to develop talkitis. He soon found that his newly found messmate was a wine drummer, who represented a firm on the Madeira Islands, and before long the two became good and chummy.

Now, there is nothing like alcoholic dampness to encourage the growth of friendship, and as the wine agent had been opening his own brand all the morning, just to show the proprietor that it was not poison, he was feeling well primed. Columbus, being not such a much of a tank, was also feeling his oats soon after his second high-ball, so about

twenty minutes after they met the drummer and the mariner were holding each other's arms and singing "In the Good Old Summer Time" to a tune that allowed of many barber-shop chords.

From the song it was but a step to another proposition.

"Say, pard," said the drummer, counting his money again and ordering another bottle of his own wine, with glasses for two, "are you game?"

"Nothing else," replied Chris, lighting a Turkish cigarette and also lighting on a Swiss cheese sandwich that a waiter had slipped in front of him.

"Well, there is a certain dame here in town that I want you to meet, and you

never saw such a looker in all your days. She is a beauteous maid for fair, and she belongs to the smart set, at that. Her old man is governor of the Madeira Islands, and his pockets bulge with money, like unto those all-grafters."

Columbus looked happy when he heard this. He was quite a fusser with the ladies, and he was not exactly averse to the swell set, of which he had read so much in the evening papers.

"How did you happen to break into the upper ten?" he asked, somewhat surprised to think that a booze pedler could mingle with the swaggers.

"Why, I'm a wine agent, friend," replied the human sponge. "Where were

you brought up? Don't you know that wine agents are the whole cheese? I hope to marry a swell widow with more money than brains some day and thereafter lead cotillons for the high muckamucks that never work, like some other wine agents I know. But there, enough of my ambitions. Would you like to meet the beaut, or would you not? Speak up, Chris."

"Sure, Mike," said Christopher, and after another drink they were off to meet the fair damsel whose father held down the chief political job in the Madeira Islands.

The wineseller took our hero around to the best hotel in Lisbon, and gave him

a knockdown to the governor's daughter, and it was all up with little Christopher! And it was all up with the little society girl! Love at first sight, too easy—and the second look did not dispel the illusion.

Columbus immediately fell in love with the maiden, and a few days after they were married at the "little church around the corner." It was awfully funny, too, for about that time Columbus went broke, as do all great men at one time or another, so he and his bride went to live on the Madeira Islands and also on the young lady's papa, the Gov.

Now, for a long time Christopher Columbus had had the idea under his hat that

the earth on which he lived looked like a Bartlett pear. Several others thought that the world was round, but Columbus was, I think, the first to call attention to the fact that it resembled a Bartlett pear. Just why he made this statement has never quite been understood by us historians, but I have often claimed that it was Italian instinct to think of fruit, first of all, in making a simile. At any rate, he claimed that it would be possible to sail to the westward and keep on sailing, and, if you did not care what became of you or your ship, there was a very good chance of your landing on the eastern coast of Japan.

He confided his idea to his father-in-

law, the governor, and, as the old man liked Chris, he said he thought there might be something in the scheme, but, as both he and Columbus were away up on the tenth floor of their uppers and had but a few simoleons, or whatever kind of money they had on the Madeiras, they were unable to equip an expedition and take a chance for Japan.

Day by day Chris became more and more daffy on the subject, and he was nutty to get a boat and sail somewhere toward the west. Finally, he could stand the strain no longer, so he went back home to Genoa and, after going to the Columbus house and giving the family the glad hand, he rushed down to the

Board of Trade rooms and laid his plans before the city council. He begged them to advance the money for men and ships, and he also promised to present his home town with any old thing he discovered, but it was of no use. They said he was bughouse, and there was nothing doing from the Genoa selectmen in the line of a cash appropriation. So Christopher shook a day-day.

From there he went to Portugal, and explained his proposed stunt to the king of that skinny strip of land. His majesty was moved by the earnestness of Columbus, and told him he was all right; but when it came to putting up the ready money to fit out the fresh-air excursion

the wise old potentate stumbled and fell down. Once more was our hero up against the cold eye.

After his turn down in Portugal, he visited Spain, where almost all the money was (then), but as Spain was at war she needed all the real cash she had on hand, so Columbus had to smoke his dope and dream of his future during seven long weary years before the king and queen would listen to his fairy tale. When he did get them on a string, he pumped hot air for all he was worth, and his con talk went. They said they were willing to take a chance, so, in order to raise enough wherewithal to do the trick up in proper shape, they called in Moses

Cohen, a pawnbroker, and in return for the royal paste jewels received a good-sized check and a pink ticket. Then Columbus and Spain drew up a contract and arrangements were made for the trip.

On August 3, 1492, Columbus with his three dinky fishing boats set out for America amid a cluster of great rejoicings, consisting of many shouts, much music, and a beautiful display of Pain's fireworks.

Columbus was in high spirits as the ships broke away from the dock, but as days ran into days, and weeks came trolling along with no land in sight, and no prospects, the crew began to get sore.

Columbus's high spirits began to fall off and take a drop, and the fury of the men began to fall on and take a rise. A fluctuating stock market was never one, two, three, with Columbus and his crew. The sailors planned and plotted against the great discoverer, and threatened to toss him into the briny for the sharks to nibble on; but somehow Chris managed to hang on and hold them down until one morning, about two o'clock, the tar who was on the dog watch, whatever that is, sighted land. Hurrah! He ran down and told the crew, and Columbus gave him a new, crisp five-dollar bill, for he had promised to do the grand for the first bright-eye who sighted America.

TWISTED HISTORY

At first Columbus thought they were just off Coney Island, but on closer inspection the dirt they had spotted proved to be San Salvador. About six A.M., they hove to and landed, and after planting the Spanish flag, which never took root, they mixed a few Scotch high-balls, and drank to the health of Spain, America, and themselves. Then they lit their cigars, and started out to take a look at the real estate they had discovered.

They had gone about two blocks when they ran into a tribe of Indians. It looked like a wild west show at first, but after a second look the newcomers decided that the bunch of painted warriors were the real thing, so Columbus selected

a few of the reddest redskins to take back home as samples.

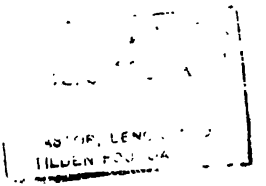
The Spaniards collected a lot of specimens truly American, such as gold, Indians, etc., and went back to Spain. That they were the whole thing when they arrived home goes without saying, and Columbus had six offers to go into vaudeville, at fabulous salaries, but he was too modest to accept, or if he did, we have no proof of it, and I, as a truthful historian, would not claim that he did.

After that Columbus made two more voyages to the New World, but his first one was the most successful.

In 1506 he died, having done, in his

life, three great things—accomplished the feat of getting money out of royalty; performed the wonderful trick of standing an egg on end; and finding a home for the Irish.

Give a triple cheer for Chris.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When Amerigo returned he was besieged by the yellow evening newspapers.

CHAPTER II

MORE WISE BOYS

HILE Columbus was doing the grand for Spain, and making discoveries right and left that caused Ferdy, the king, to throw out his chest and inflate his cranium, until his 6⅞ crown was three sizes too small for him, the other nations, having heard of Chris and his wonderful lamps that could spot land at three thousand miles, began to get woozy, and cast the green eye on the haughty Spaniard. Each country wanted to add new real estate to its pos-

sessions, and seeing that sail boats were pretty safe crafts in which to roam the brine, they easily found skippers who were tired of fishing for mackerel, and more than glad to hunt for new land that had never been touched.

Portugal hired a fellow by the name of Vasco da Gama to sail around the salty waters to see what he could run up against, and, as luck would have it, the wind carried him around the Cape of Good Hope and landed him in India. Here he established trading posts, and in less than a year or so all the Portugeezers were eating chutney on their beefsteaks, and calling it an Indian meal. Few historians know that this is the derivation of the

words "Indian meal," and I am the one who discovered it; but do not think I am boasting, gentle readers, for never a boast from me, b'gosh.

In the same year that Vasco da Gama did his Indian stunt, England decided to get into the game of "ride and seek," and sent out a ship under John Cabot, and over the waves, to find a northwest passage to India. Now this passage comes high on the map, and it is so cold that Cabot could not have it, so he landed on Cape Breton, wherever that may be, sailed around for about nine hundred miles—and that is about all he ever did do, so we can well let little Johnny slide without much further mention. The king

of England, Henry VII., said to himself, one morning after breakfast and a Martini, "When Johnny comes marching home he will have with him a northwest passage to India. Then we will be much hot stuff with our short cut." But as John was a quitter, and gave up too soon, he came back empty handed, so what is the use of wasting time over him?

S'long, Cabbie!

The next wise boy we have to consider was, in my opinion, the peach of them all. He was a discoverer and a newspaper man all rolled into one, and if that does not make an up-to-date combination then I am not a great historian. Amerigo Vespucci was the hero I mean,

and he had a nose for news that was more than keen. Like the millionaire, labor leader and actress of to-day, he had things named for him, so he did.

Amerigo was a dago hailing from Florence, and, like Chris Columbus, he hired out to Spain. Finding it did not pay him, however, to hang up his hat and stick to a job controlled by the steam-heated bull-fighters, he quit 'em quick, and soon after got next to a position with Portugal. For this country he made several trips across the "big pond," as the plebeians of to-day call the Atlantic, and, being a warm proposition, he landed on the tropical shores of South America each time he crossed.

On the way back from his last cruise he spent most of his spare moments in writing a "feature story" on all the great things he had seen and done. He was not the most modest thing that ever happened, and the way he laid the sugar icing all over himself would have made a wedding cake look foolish. Columbus showed the way to the westward, but, to judge from Vespucci's article, he was the hunky boy to whom all the credit was due. It was he who did the real thing in the discovery line, and compared with the results of his voyages those of Columbus looked like a dime and four nickels. Chris was the original package, but Vespucci was the straight goods re-

tailed over the counter at four hundred per cent. profit.

When Amerigo returned from his last trip, he was besieged by the yellow evening newspapers that were then issuing about thirteen extras per day on account of the "New World Discoveries," and each one offered him a larger check than the one before, to have the right to publish, exclusively, his copyrighted article. Finally he sold it to the "Strassburg Gazette," and the night it was published there also appeared in the editorial columns of the same paper a suggestion by the editor, that the new country that had just been added to the map be called America, in honor of their

correspondent. This suggestion flew around like wildfire and caught the public fancy at once, and as a result the explorer-reporter was responsible for the name of our great and glorious country.

Hurrah! Hats off!

The Spaniards realized that they were doing great deeds, so they tried to keep up the good work. Ponce de Leon, one of their representatives, who was well up on their salary list, governor of Porto Rico and president of the "Cuban Cigarette Trust," while making a voyage, landed on the coast of Florida on Easter Sunday, in time for early mass. On his way home from church with some real Americans—or Indians, as they were

called then—he was told of a wonderful spring that was located many miles, and several moons, to the northward.

"Ponce, old boy," said one of the Indians, who was particularly friendly because de Leon had passed him a rank five-cent cigar, "Ponce, you are a friend of mine, and I want to put you wise to something that makes one of those patent medicines you see advertised in Chicago monthlies look like knockout drops. I know of a spring that will make you feel like a two-year-old and look like a fellow done over by Dr. Woodbury. It is the sportiest thing in the U. S., and it is called Saratoga Springs. It is the place where all the flashy *nouveaux riches*

gather each year and spend their coin. Take a chance at it, Ponce, old man, and go back to Spain feeling twenty years younger."

Well, this made de Leon do a bit of guessing. Nothing was too much to expect from the New World, and had he been told that pesos grew on trees in New Jersey, he would have believed it when, as a matter of fact, mosquitoes were the only things raised in that State at that time.

"That's just what I have been looking for," replied Ponce to Booze-in-the-Throat, the Indian, as he lit a fresh cigar. "I do not mind telling you that I have been somewhat of a sport in my time,

and I now feel sort of rickety—gin rickety—ha! ha! If I can get into condition to start all over again, I will do it; so me for the rejuvenating spring, in a minute. You can gamble on that."

So off hustled Ponce de Leon for Saratoga, but as it was out of season when he arrived, he found nothing in the recuperating line doing; so his get-young-quick trip proved itself N. G., as did many another trip of the nervy adventurers of those days.

About this time there appeared another great globe-trotter, who made a name for himself, although his parents had already made the name of Vasco Nuñez de Balboa for him. He was a

Spaniard — he could not help it — and soon after he struck America he was told by the Indians that there was a great ocean to the westward. That settled Vasco. He decided in a minute, according to his well-regulated Waterbury, to find the new ocean.

For some reason or other all the limited express trains to the Pacific coast were sidetracked—some of us historians think there was a strike in the Pullman shops, but we are not sure—and Balboa was compelled to hoof it clear across the continent to San Francisco. Now let me tell you, gentle readers, that it is a good long walk to the town of the Chinese, and if you do not believe me

ask some of the lean, lanky, gray-haired, smooth-faced actors that you meet on Broadway every day. They will tell you that it is a fierce tramp, and as Balboa did not follow railroad tracks laid out by expert engineers, but cut through corn fields and climbed over mountains, you can guess what a hard job he had to reach the Cliff House.

After biting his way with swords through hostile tribes, he finally reached Sutro Heights, from which he was able to see the broad Pacific. He went in swimming right away and thus showed his right to call the great new ocean a possession of Spain. "Hurrah!" he telegraphed to the king of Spain, "I have

found an ocean that makes the Atlantic look like a raindrop. What shall I do with it?"

After this great pool of water had been found by Balboa, the Spaniards decided to use it; so they sent out another yachtsman by the name of Magellan. He crossed the Atlantic, rounded Cape Horn and sailed away over the Pacific until he came to the East Indies. From there his crew, for he was killed by a trolley car on one of the islands, sailed around Africa, back to Spain. All this took more than eighty days—but it was a trip around the world.

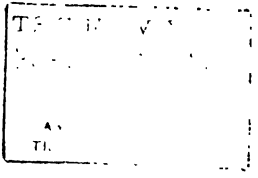
So you can now see, gentle readers,

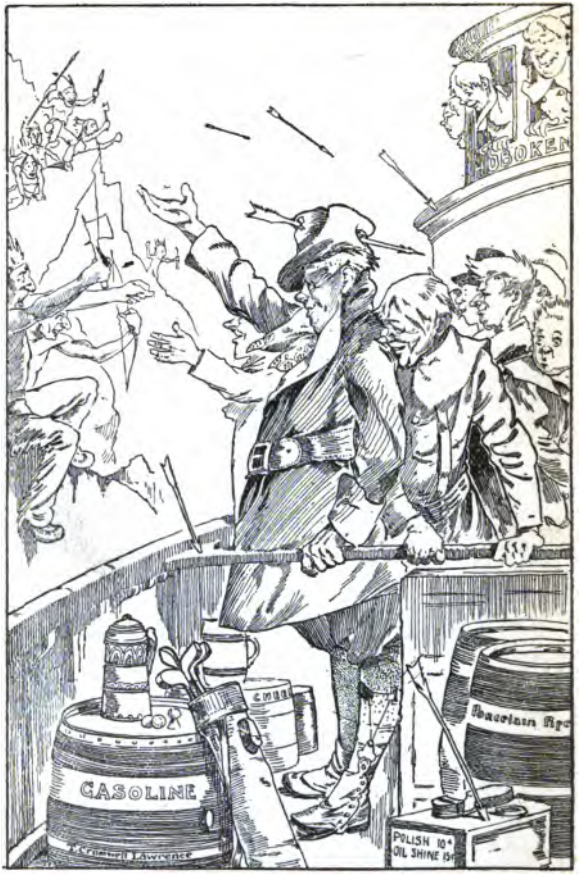
what a tough time our forefathers had to prove the earth was round. But they did it, and we Americans are the result of their hard work. We are proud of having been discovered so soon, and just think what a terrible thing it would have been had our discovery been put off for five hundred years. It is interesting to conjecture what each one of us might have been, had such been the case. Instead of being Americans with healthy appetites for pie and good old thirsts for anything we can get, some of us would be Frenchmen, eating snails and drinking absinthe; Germans, eating sauerkraut and drinking beer; Englishmen, eating beef and drinking

ale, or Italians, eating macaroni and drinking Chianti.

How happy we should be!

So much for the original discoveries, readers.





He was compelled to stand on deck and bow to the Manhattan Indians.

CHAPTER III

RAISING THE DUTCH

HILE Spain, France and Portugal were sending out ships and men, helter-skelter, on discovering trips, there was a certain bouquet of rotund, florid Dutch brewers who were quietly reading accounts of what was being done in the New World. The shipping news of the *Amsterdam Hofbrau* was the most popular department of the paper, and as it was in charge of the bright young reporter whose name was Hans—I believe in putting in details

that other historians leave out—who knew the value of a feature story, whether it was true or merely good reading, it often contained very flowery stuff and news that incited the brewers to action. They read about the great stunts that were being done in the U. S. and they soon found out that the exploring bee was buzzing in their Dutch bonnets.

Now business was pretty good in Holland and the merchants of that place were anxious to dilute the whole earth with their beer, and as Magellan had proved the earth was round they knew that they could sell several quarts of the hop mixture before the whole world was covered.

This being well known, a bunch of them got together and had a meeting, and during the confab one of them arose and said:

"Say, vellers, ve are making a lods of money, bud vy nod some more make? Hey?"

"Vy nod?" yelled the rest of the crowd.

"Dot's vat I say. 'Vy nod?' Und I haf a idea vat I vant to explanation. Der vay to der East Hindies is a easiness to find, as I dink, und I say dot ve hire some veller vat don't gif a hurrah vetter he geds boatwrecked or nit und ged him to find der vay. Yust dink vat a skinch id vill be to ged our beer introduction

indo der East Hindies vere der vetter is such a hodness dot eferyboty has a continuation performance thirstiness. Oh, id vould be like finding money."

"Sure, Mike," yelled a voice from the crowd, "led's do id."

After much talking and consulting in fractured English—for these Dutchmen were the originators of the Weberfield dialect—it was decided to form a trust called the East India Company, and one Hendrik Hudson was chosen to take a chance at discovering new markets for the liquid products of Holland. He was given a ship called "The Half Moon," and in this he was to sail away and hunt for that northwestern passage to the East

Indies that was so often sought for but never found.

In passing I take the liberty—which is allowed all competent historians—of interpolating an opinion that has long been nestling beneath my sparse and gray locks. It seems to me that the name of the boat sent out upon such an errand as I feel "The Half Moon" was should have been named "The Full Moon." What do you think about it? Facts are facts, however, and such being the case, my opinion in this matter is without weight, although it has a flavor, so to speak, has it not, readers?

In 1609 Henny set sail, and as the ice forbade him the northwestern passage,

he decided to have a look at the New World anyway; so he struck the U. S. square in the harbor of New York and sailed up the river that bore his name. He was somewhat surprised to find the beautiful waterway named after him, and as he passed the Palisades on his way to Albany, he was compelled to stand on deck all the while and bow to the Manhattan Indians that were sitting on the rocks and cheering the namesake of the Hudson River. As he told his sister afterwards, it was the proudest moment of his life when he saw those decorated Americans perched like birds, feathers and all, reclining over the beautiful landscape, waving their red blankets in their

enthusiasm, until the whole scene resembled an animated, impressionistic sunset.

How's that, readers?

But I must not allow my beautiful thoughts to run at random with my pen. I must get me back to Hendrik and tell posterity what he managed to do before he died.

After Hudson had seen all he cared to on the Hudson River he sailed back to the old sod once again, landing in England and sending his report to the Dutch from that place. The brewers were sore because he had not found the route to India, so he flung aside the East India colors and shipped under the Union Jack.

All his following voyages were made for England. But he never amounted to much except to get things named after him, so we can well let him drop. Thud! That for you, Hendrik!

But the Dutch did not give up their hold on the New World. They kept their eyes on two sites—one was New York and the other was Milwaukee—although little was said about the latter until later. However, I know for a fact that several Dutchmen decided to make Milwaukee famous about four hundred years ago—but more of this in another chapter.

A company was formed in Holland, called the New Netherland Company, and

they settled in New York, somewhere on Sixth Avenue, I have been told, and they did lots of business with the Indians that could always be found in that vicinity. In passing I might say that Indians can be found to this day on Sixth Avenue, anywhere between Twenty-third and Thirtieth Streets. Of course, this is a digression, but it is a fact, none the less.

The Dutch flocked to New York, or New Amsterdam, as they called the big burg, and planted corn, cattle and all sorts of other vegetables until the colony was one big farm, and a thriving one at that. When they first started into the colonization business the Indians were somewhat leery of them, but the little

round Hollanders soon changed this condition to "beery," and that meant friendliness.

In order to induce men to occupy New Netherland, the company's directors met one evening in Von Zweibach's palm garden and decided to allow any of its members who should buy a certain number of building lots or abandoned farms from the Indian real-estate agents, and form a colony of at least fifty persons, the right to run the township thus formed, with almost absolute control. Thus fifty sports might form a colony, and boxing matches to a finish could be held within their precincts, or they could keep open on Sunday without sandwiches; or

if fifty of a sanctimonious nature desired to have prayer meeting each evening and six gatherings of the Ladies' Aid Society per week, they could do so. The State would never register the smallest kick. In fact, things were freer then and there than they are now and here in this so-called "free country." By the way, if any of my readers thinks this is really a free country, let him take a little vacation in Atlantic City or Saratoga. If he finds anything "free" in either of these places, he would do me a favor if he would let me know; it would be worth a trip just to go and take advantage of it.

The Indians did a flourishing land-office business and their terms—one cold

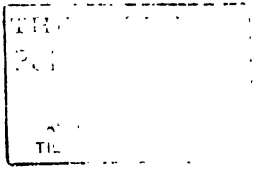
stein down and two steins per week until paid for, foam off for cash—suited the colonists down to the ground. They settled on each side of the Hudson and even bought land down in Connecticut—just why, I have never been able to find out.

And now you must have a clear idea of what our Dutch ancestors accomplished in the dim past. They were quiet, industrious ancestors and were responsible for several very important persons and things. Almost all the big millionaire families of to-day can blame their thrifty, Dutch, great-great-great-grandpas for the bundles of wherewithal they now possess.

TWISTED HISTORY

The inhabitants of New Netherland were directly responsible for the Holland Dames, Holland Gin and the Holland House, New York's ultra-fashionable hostelrie, whatever that may mean.

You can't beat the Dutch!



The fire engines were called out to extinguish the "burning gent."

CHAPTER IV

REVERSE ENGLISH COMPANIES

OW for a few words about England's stabs at the western hemisphere. I have not said much about them, up to this time, for the very reason that, up to this time, they had not done very much. Sir Walter Raleigh, an Elizabethan dude who never worked two whole hours in his life, came over in 1564. He landed on North Carolina and tried to start a colony, but all his attempts were fruitless, and when he died, by the help of an axe, he had

really accomplished little else than to learn to hit the pipe—for it was he who traded vices with the Indians. He taught them to enjoy a hot toddy and a Scotch high-ball, and they reciprocated with a warm bowl of Virginia cut plug.

He was entranced with the weed and after his return from America made a great sensation, one day, by strolling down the Strand puffing away at an aged corncob. They tell me the fire engines—Departments 4 and 6—were called out to extinguish the "burning gent," but of this I am not sure, so I do not put it down for a fact. I merely inject it here as an anecdote, as all historians do now and then, in order to make their work seem

more interesting. History, dear friends, is a hard thing to write—not that I want to pat myself gently on the right shoulder and tell myself I am a wonder because I can write history—and an occasional bit of fiction helps to brighten pages that are otherwise deep and tiresome. It makes no difference how true an anecdote may or may not be, we have to dish out a few for you in order to make you say, at the reading club—if you are a lady—"I love to read history. It is so full of little stories." Some of these stories may read like press-agent stuff, but——now I find I am wandering, and a historian must never wander. The beaten paths are for him, so I will hie me back to the Eng-

lish and their deeds, immediately, if not sooner, as the Podunk humorist would say.

As I said before, the English never did very much in the discovering line for the U. S.—or any other line, as far as that is concerned—until we began to issue gold bonds. The other countries, such as Spain, Portugal and Holland, pushed the discoveries while the English did the resting.

In 1606 King James I. of England granted rights to two English companies that were formed to resemble the Dutch companies, to hold and rule over and do any old thing they felt like doing, under his thumb, in the land between Cape

Fear and the St. Croix River. He marked out the boundaries on an old Rand, McNally atlas that had been knocking around the palace for many moons and he gave the northern portion to a bunch he called the Plymouth Company and the southern part to the London Company. The whole crowd was incorporated under the laws of Maine, which had been discovered by an Englishman, bah Jove, by the name of Popham, some years prior, and called the Virginia Company—and there you have the story of the combine in a nutshell.

King Jim was a sort of a hardshelled crab and he was anxious to add to his power. He had had a religious tussle

for a year or so and lost lots of votes on that account, so he thought a few companies such as the two he had sent to the U. S. would bring him in a revenue that would let him stand on his own feet once again and in his own shoe leather. In other words, he was on his uppers for fair and here was a chance to make good, for the New World contained all sorts of riches, according to popular opinion, although not even the Standard Oil Company was dreamed of in those days.

In 1607 the first English settlement in America was made. The London Company sent out three vessels under the command of Captain Christopher Newport, and it was their intention to land on

Roanoke Island. But intentions in those days were about as certain as is the colored vote of present times. A storm came along toward the finale of the trip, and instead of landing on Roanoke they were tickled to death to blow into Chesapeake Bay, and there, under the sheltering lees, whatever they may be, enjoy safety, rest and Baltimore oysters. They entered the bay with a suddenness such as only a more than rigid breeze can furnish to sailing craft, but they managed to name the two capes they passed as they came through the narrows. So it was that Capes Henry and Charles were named on the fly, so to speak, after the two fly sons of Jim the Initial, King of England.

After they had gotten well into quiet waters they had time to look about them, and they found that they were just off the entrance of a nice young river that had never been named, so they sailed up this, enjoying the scenery that was sprinkled on either side. As this voyage was a sort of a naming expedition, and each of the members of the party was anxious to sidle into the heart of the king, with the hope that that personage would make him governor, sooner or later, of the colony they were about to establish, they named everything they saw after the royal family. The first river they used in the U. S. they called the James, and although the king never touched water

himself for any other purpose than bathing, he was very chesty when he thought of or spoke of the sinuous body of "*aqua impura*" that was to hold his cog for all its damp life. He was a peculiar sort of a king, this fellow, and loved to be "it." If a cheap cigar had been named after him and advertised in all the monthly magazines, and if three-sheets, telling all about him and the fragrant puffs that could be extracted from the "King James Stogie," had been pasted on every vacant fence in town, he would have enjoyed it hugely. He was a spectacular gent and no mistake, and the members of the London Company were wise to this fact, too. They knew their game, and played it well.

On May 13 they landed on the banks of the James and started to fix up a burg that they called Jamestown—also in honor of their king—and after they got fairly settled they opened a sealed letter that Jim had given them with the instructions that they should not open the prize package until they arrived at their final stopping place. In the envelope were the names of the seven men who were to act as council for the new colony. The president was found to be a Mr. Wingfield, who had not left his stateroom during the whole voyage from the old country until smooth water was found in the Chesapeake, and among the members of the city's selectmen were Chris Newport, after

whom several towns were named, principally a gaudy watering-place that is much affected by people with more money than ——, and Bartholomew Gosnold, popularly known as Barty, and Captain John Smith, particularly known to the people of to-day as a comic-opera character.

Very few of the London Company had ever been guilty of manual labor in England. Most of them had been "gents of leisure," to use a Bowery expression, and when they found that gold nuggets could not be picked up in the gutters of Jamestown's streets they were the possessors of much embarrassment, but they showed good nerve. They fell to work and cut

down trees to be used for houses in which they were to live. The fall was so deep and steep that it fractured the pride of a lot of them, but they soon found that Jamestown was not London—no one could be bought to do the work of another, so busy was each doing his own little chores in the line of raising a roof over his head. As a result, every fellow had to wield the axe and lead the plough for his own little self.

Their first summer was a hard one. The peninsula on which Jamestown was situated was about as healthy as are the flats around Jersey City. It was damp, mosquitoey and malarial. The broom of pestilence swept away half of

the colony during the hot months, and if the Indians had not provided the other half with handouts now and then, they would have starved to death. As it was, the largest portion of the city of Jamestown was a graveyard in less than a year after the London Company arrived.

The Indians were, for the most part, very friendly, but they had never forgotten some of the wrongs they had suffered at the hands of Raleigh in years gone by. Sir Walt had the burning of Indian villages and the slaughter of innocent redskins down to a fine art, and he was never happy unless he was making some poor savage dance under the stimulus of hot lead. He ever held his torch ready

to start their wigwams toward ashes. Whenever he travelled over a stretch of Indian country he always left behind him a trail of losses for the fire insurance companies; and the Indians—well, they were getting confounded (?) tired of it. When the London Company had come along they were, naturally enough, still somewhat under the influence of their ancient soreness, and looked upon the newcomers as another bunch of arson and murder propagators.

Some enterprising historian, knowing the feelings of the Indians toward the white strangers in those days, has invented a pretty and popular anecdote that I will repeat, in my own words, for

the edification and amusement of my millions of readers. No history would be complete without this romantic tale, and as I mean that this, my great life work, shall be the most complete *résumé* of daring deeds and direful doings that has ever been penned and retailed to the great and appreciative public, I am wallowing among the cobwebs of antiquity and—there, there, pardon me for wandering again, but I should have been a stout, well-fed novelist rather than a lean, half-fed historian, so that I could paint beautiful word pictures. Enough, however; let us return to the romantic tale I am about to untwist.

The leading characters of this melo-

drama are Captain John Smith, considered, since the spread of the story of his life, the real leader of the Jamestown colony; Powhatan, a crusty Indian chief who plays the part of villain in the story; and Pocohontas, his beautiful daughter. I have seen many red squaws in my time, from Colorado to the State of Washington, but never in all my experience have I ever seen a looker among them—the other side of the street for me when one of these comes along—but they say Pocy had the goods so far as looks were concerned, and to keep up interest in the story I myself must claim this as gospel truth. 'Twixt you and me, nevertheless, I doubt it.

TWISTED HISTORY

It seems that our old friend John Smith was an ardent hunter. If he was not hunting for trouble he was crazy to look for game. He loved to carry a heavy blunderbuss through the underbrush and with it shoot a stray squirrel or bear, now and again, and on one occasion whilst he and two of his friends were skirmishing through the woods, too far from their own little huts, looking for something to bag, they were found and collared by some Indians who straightway took them as trophies of the hunt to their chief Powhatan, the sourball. When old Pow saw the white triumvirate he was very sore indeed, and before you could wink three times he had sent two of them

over the range to the happy hunting grounds. He was quite a sportsman himself and he liked to see an even score in any game, and as the death tally, up to that time; was about 800 to 1 in favor of the English, Powhatan was proud to think that he was about to reduce it to 800 to 4.

After he had done away with the two companions of Smith he centred his attention on the captain. He had a beautifully carved stone brought to him and this he planned to use as a pillow for Smitty's head. He made that gentleman assume a reclining position and place his block upon the block, thus to facilitate the act of decapitation. When all ar-

rangements had been made and he held, raised above him, the axe that was about to separate John and his life forevermore —just at this moment, mind you, in order to make the scene the more melodramatic —his beautiful daughter, Pocohontas, ran down the steps of the piazza that surrounded the "Powhatan Wigwam" and cried out in a musical voice, "Papa, oh, papa, do not disconnect the apex of Mr. Smith from its foundation. In other words, old man, spare his life for the sake of your little daught." And with these words flowing freely from her ruby lips she fell at the side of Smith and encircled his neck with her plump, blushing arms, weeping profusely, until the tears

trickled off her long black lashes and fell with little thuds upon the bosom of Mr. Smith's boiled shirt.

Gee! It was heartrending. Honestly, it was.

When Powhatan saw this advertisement of emotion on the part of his only child he lowered his axe and said, in his deep bass voice, "Fine stage business, my child. Timed to the moment. Let me think for a second or two." So he wrapped himself in thought and his blanket, and thunk.

Just what he thunk we do not know, but I have my theories. He no doubt said to himself, "Here is a chance to marry my daughter into English aristoc-

racy. I am an American and naturally I would like to see my daughter hitched to a foreigner. Why not let this little romance find its culmination in an unhappy marriage? Give the reporters a chance." And with that he told Smith to arise, and the scene that followed between the beautiful red princess and the pardoned captain—well, it must be acted, for I can never describe it, staid and unemotional historian that I am.

At any rate, after this episode, Powhatan was friendly toward the English, and Smith introduced Pocohontas among the upper ten of Jamestown. He never popped the vital question himself, but a fellow named John Rolfe, who wanted to

get his name in this history, did, and she took him on the spot. "All Johns look alike to me," she said to herself, "and if I cannot have John Smith give me John Rolfe." And so it was that Mr. and Mrs. Rolfe happened. Her husband took her to England, and in London she made quite a hit. She was the first married lady of a red complexion that had ever been in that town, and, being a novelty, she was considered the real thing, just as are novelties in New York society to-day. Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show has since taken her place in the hearts of London society.

And that is about all there is to the tale. What do you think of it?

After this little incident matters went

from bad to worse with the Virginia colony. They starved and they were oppressed. A man by the name of Lord Delaware was sent over and he ruled as though he were a king. The people loved him about as much as they loved malaria, and at that time there was no cure for either, so you can appreciate the simile—if you have had malaria, and I hope you have not.

To speak frankly, Lord Delaware was a lobster.

About this time two things happened that were O.K. for Virginia. Tobacco found a ready sale in England and the colonists raised it for foreign consumption. That's number one.

Number two was the new governor, Mr. Yeardley, who was sent out by a new faction that was against the king. This new man was a corker, to use an expression of one of the colonists, and he allowed the people to make their own laws. If they wanted a beer after eleven P.M. or on Sundays they could vote "Yes" without any king to bother them. In other words everything was local option.

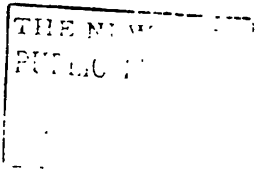
About this time a Dutch vessel came up the James River with a carload of negroes fresh from Africa and the Dutchmen sold the whole bunch to the colonists at bargain prices. This was the beginning of slavery in the U. S.

And now, gentle readers, you have

learned about all there is to know about the London Company and the Virginia Colony, so I will shut the door of this chapter with a slam.

That's all.

Bang!


THE NEW
PUBLIC

Landing of the first bunch of Pilgrims.

CHAPTER V

MORE ENGLISH DOINGS

PART of this chapter concerns the Pilgrims, as they were known in those days, which word in modern, up-to-date parlance means nothing more nor less than hoboes, or wanderers.

In England the Church of England held all the power. If you did not belong to this church, agree with their views and pay your pew rent regularly you were subject to fines or imprisonment. In other words, the police courts

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and the churches stood in with each other.

Now, as was natural, amongst such a crowd of population as England then claimed, some of the people objected to this tyrannic rule of the church, and as a result they pulled away from it. On this account they were nicknamed "Separatists," and they left England because of "oppression," as they called it. The "Separatists" first emigrated to Holland, and there started up churches according to their own views, but before long they concluded that if they remained in that country, all their grandchildren would talk nothing but Dutch. That did not please them, so they looked for new

worlds to conquer, and hence got the New World idea in their heads.

They decided to give us a trial here in the U. S. There was no room for them within the city limits of Jamestown, because there it would have been required of them to attend the Church of England at least sixteen times per week. They thought of New Netherlands for a moment or two, but there they would run against the same snags they were bumping into in Holland. By gosh, they didn't know what to do.

Finally they collected a lot of old furniture, blue plates, and other rubbish and sailed from Delft-Haven in a boat called the Speedwell. They were joined at

Southampton, England, by the ship that has made more money for the Boston dealers in ancient furniture and cracked plates than any other craft that ever cut through green salt water. This boat was the Mayflower, and with it the Speedwell and the Pilgrims started out one beautiful morning, full of hope and spring water, for that was the strongest beverage this crowd ever touched. On such an occasion as this the ordinary man would have hit one or two for luck, but the Pilgrims—well, I guess not.

After putting out to sea they found that the Speedwell had lost all her speed on account of a leak she had carelessly brought with her, so the whole bunch of

hoboes—I should say Pilgrims—had to turn back and beach the leaking vessel. It is not strange to me that this boat was holey, considering the holy host it had on board and—but this is no time for jokes; and puns, being cheap wit, are not to be indulged in by high-salaried historians such as myself. Pardon me, dear readers, and I will never do it again.

As a result of the breakdown all the Pilgrims piled into the poor old Mayflower with their household goods and chattels, and once again a start was made for the New World. They tried to reach the Jersey coast, but as very, very good luck for them would have it, they were driven, by a storm, from this sec-

tion of the U. S. and finally cast anchor off Cape Cod in Massachusetts.

They happened to land at a place that is of no earthly good save as a summer resort (all places that are worthless, in our day, are used for summer places), so they crossed the bay and entered the sheltered harbor of Plymouth, as they named the place, because John Smith, the fellow who had the romantic experience with the Indian princess in the last chapter, had given the locality that name before, and also because they had seen Plymouth, England, last of all when they sailed toward the promised land. They landed on a large rock, so tradition goes, and thousands of travellers still go down to Plymouth

to see that rock. It is particularly famous because a brand of three-dollar pants was named "Plymouth Rock," and warranted not to rip, but this really has nothing to do with the history, and I should not have mentioned it here. The year of landing was 1620.

The first governor of the Plymouth Company was John Carver. Besides being chosen to hold down the gubernatorial campstool he was also made superintendent of Sunday Schools, which, by the way, dear readers, was no mean job, as the whole of Plymouth was one religious body that observed Sunday School sessions each day of the year.

They say that the good die young, and

perhaps that is why the company was deceased during the first winter spent in the U. S. They kept deceasing at such a rapid rate during the months of January and February, 1621, that it looked as though tombstones would be the only relics of the Pilgrims, so in April they sent the Mayflower back to England for more stock and furniture. The people who came over on the second trip were not all of the same faith as the Pilgrims, and, as a result, Plymouth began to become more cosmopolitan, harboring folks of all sorts and conditions.

After a growth of three years Plymouth, all in a bunch, forsook the Plymouth Trading Company and started in business

for itself. Each colonist was given a piece of land and a fence around it, and they were soon getting along nicely, thank you, in true New England style and thriftiness.

About this time another religious faction in England desired to get away from the land of royalty. They were called Puritans because they wished to purify the Church of England. In fact, they were purer than a certain widely advertised baking powder that is guaranteed to be "absolutely pure." They were too good for this world, so they decided to go to Massachusetts, and, in 1630, about one thousand persons, high and low—jack and the game—left England and sailed for

Massachusetts Bay. They carried with them the king's charter, and so undertook to govern themselves in the king's name.

They landed at Salem, and the foxy settlers who already held that place and had it on a paying basis, told them that there were far better places than theirs and gently advised the newcomers to look for them. The Puritans took the hint and sailed down the coast to Boston harbor, landing at Charlestown. The U. S. navy-yard was not there at that time, so they landed safely, but only a few considered the place O. K., and many of them crossed the Charles river and set up shop on an inviting peninsula. They called the place Boston, and proceeded

to cut streets and lay out house lots. All historians, until I entered the field, have claimed that the Puritans were straight and nothing crooked could be proved against them, but I challenge this claim—how about the streets of Boston? If they were not laid out by a cross-eyed C. E., then a vaudeville artist must have done the trick, and a contortionist at that. I leave it to you if I haven't a right to this opinion. How about it?

The Boston settlers had come to stick. They meant business with a capital B, and they made Boston the capital B of that locality. All the governing was done from that place, and all the farmers who lived in Dorchester, Roxbury and

Chelsea had to pull on their boots and come to town whenever it was time to vote.

The colony contained every kind of artisan necessary to provide for the wants of a community. There were in the crowd bricklayers, shoemakers, butchers, bakers and candlestickmakers. Being near the salt water, several of the more roving took up fishing and boatbuilding as trades, and before many moons Boston was getting along swimmingly, even though the swell Back Bay district was not then in existence.

They decided to cut the king and his power out of their colony. John Winthrop, after whom Winthrop Beach, the Coney Island of Massachusetts, was

named, was the first governor of the settlement, and he was a daisy. There are about twenty John Winthrops in the Boston directory to-day, but I venture to say that our John cut more ice in his day —I must say for the benefit of those of my gentle readers who do not understand "street English," that John was not in the ice business, but claimed farming as his trade—than do any eight of the present-day Johns.

For ten years the colony grew rapidly, and in this time twenty thousand English came over and settled in and about Boston. They came to New England to escape a harsh church and harsher laws, although I, for one, cannot see why their

own religious views and harsh laws were not as bad as the ones they tried to shake. In this case, it seems to me, the cure was as bad as the disease.

The success of the Massachusetts colony inspired many Englishmen who were looking for large estates for nothing, and before many years had passed nearly all of New England was more or less settled. Maine had been started before Mass., and after the latter proved successful New Hampshire and Vermont began to get popular and populated. The green fields of Connecticut also drew a goodly bunch of settlers, and the inhabitants of this section of the U. S. soon developed a reputation for crafti-

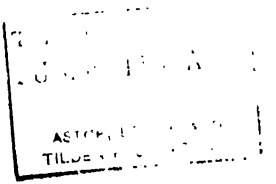
ness. It has been said by some that the first bunco steerer was a Connecticut man, but we have no proof of this. Just because some people in this State made nutmegs on a turning lathe, all sorts of fairy tales about these people have arisen. As for myself, I have been in Connecticut many times and I have never been beaten but once—that was because I bet on Princeton instead of Yale at the New Haven House. Those were happy college days; ah, those happy days, so free from care, but never free from debts. How often did a game wipe out a bank account and how often was the old dress suit hung up to get the price to go down to New York. But there—enough about

the halcyon days at old Nassau with its pure air and its proximity to Trenton.

Rhode Island was first settled at Providence by Roger Williams, a preacher exiled from Massachusetts. He named the town Providence because he claimed it was provided as a place of refuge by God. If Roger could see the place now and spend a few days in his old town he would agree that Providence must have forgotten the place long ago.

And so, gentle readers, you have a mild idea of New England before it really had a good start. The soil was rich and the settlers were crafty—hence the flourishing N. E. to-day.

Thanks, Yanks



Spouted to all those of the Congregation who had managed to keep awake.

CHAPTER VI

BILLY PENN AND SOME OF HIS FRIENDS

BOUT the time the Puritans were beginning to become important and do business in England and New England there appeared on the scene of the religious play a new character. The fellow's name was George Fox; he played a serious part and called himself a Friend. He spoke like an ancient prophet and if he was alive to-day he would no doubt hire the Madison Square Garden and hold a sanctimonious circus, as do present-day pro-

phets—but some prophets are in the business for profit and some—but pardon me again, learned readers, for punning. I really cannot understand why a great historian, with a nine and seven-eighths brain, such as I am, should resort to puns to hold your interest, but really I must confess my weakness and they show up in every chapter, gol ding! I promise I will not do it again, in this chapter, so avaunt, puns. Begone!

Returning to Fox, the Friend, be it said that he had a lot of new-fangled ideas tucked under his broad-rimmed hat, and in those days he was looked upon as a first-class freak. He taught that there was no church except in the meeting to-

gether of friends. When these friends did get together in meeting they waited until the spirit moved them and then arose and spouted white talk that was supposed to do a heap of good to all those of the congregation who had managed to keep awake. Some of their talk was far from white and took on a yellow hue, for they often berated the condition of the law and religion of England, but the creed of the Friends, being peculiar, became popular and Fox soon found that he had a pile of followers.

Fox said that there was no difference between men in rank and he could not be coaxed—by a bayonet or otherwise—to remove his lid when in the presence

of royalty or greatness. Not on your life! If he met Cromwell at one of the London restaurants or night lunch carts he would keep his hat securely located on the spot where he had placed it in the morning and say, "Oliver, hello! What are you going to eat?" and when the waiter yelled out "Ham and—" or "Draw one," for Cromwell, Fox would say, "I'll take the same," just to show that one man's digestive powers were as good as another's.

The Friends were driven from pillar to post. After each meeting held by this sect they spent the night in the station house. They never failed to find the police cab waiting to conduct them to

green light Number 4 or 8, according to the ward in which their gatherings were held.

This was discouraging, so one morning after they had been bailed out of the jug they got together, had a smoke talk (without the smoke, for one of the laws of the Friend religion is, "Never do anything that is pleasant"), chartered a boat and sailed away for New England. Here they met the frigid stare. The ice pitcher was passed out to them without ringing for it, so they had to skedaddle from that section of the U. S., double-quick.

About this time a rich nobleman—there were such things in those days of old—named William Penn, became intoxicated

with the doctrines of Fox, and soon after he began to feel his oats of Quakerism—hence the well-known and popular "Quaker Oats"—he came into possession of a strip of land in New Jersey, through a debt, and, having no other use for the land, he decided to plant a few Quaker colonies in the place. Now, Penn had never seen his piece of property, which was in West Jersey, and he had never run against any of the sand-burrs and mosquitoes which that section of our great and glorious country furnishes, so he cannot be said to have had a grudge against any of the innocent Friends that he persuaded then to settle down on and try to farm his preserves, but, as the Friends

were what would be called "easy" in our day, they made no kick when they saw the country, but set to work to cultivate and populate it.

They started farms and towns, and before long the Jersey sweet potatoes and watermelons were about the best things in this line that had ever happened, and all that the Quaker families in that vicinity needed was a market for their products. Now, as William Penn was an all-around heavyweight, generous sort of a long-haired, broad-brimmed, good fellow, he decided to plant a new town just across the river from Camden, New Jersey, and after he had persuaded the king to grant him a farm in that locality—on account

of a little bill that his majesty owed Penn's father—he sailed away with a fresh bunch of Quakers in 1682, and after making a couple of stops at Newcastle, Delaware, and Chester, Pa., he sailed up the river to Philadelphia and laid the corner-stone of that city where the Ridgeway House now stands.

For two years Penn stayed in Philadelphia—which, I think, is the record; for how a man could stay any longer is more than my imaginative brain can guess—and his main object was to mosey up to the right side of the Indians. He paid them for all the land he took from them—at the rate of one cent per front mile, eight miles deep, which is about the price

of real estate in Brookline, Mass., to-day (God forgive me for lying)—and he also gave them presents. Just what the presents were we historians do not know, but some say they were diamonds, pearl brooches and gold hat-pins. I say they were overshoes, nail-files and photographs of Westminster Abbey, but of course (I may as well confess) none of us know just what he did give. You can gamble, however, that he did not give away very much, because he was a Quaker, and—but I went to a Quaker school once, and had to attend meeting every Wednesday, so I am prejudiced.

Penn named his farm, which consisted of many square miles, Pennsylvania, and

he also designated the most unaccommodating railroad in the U. S. by the same name.

The Quakers are said to be modest, but Billy Penn must have been an exception, for every other thing you see in Philadelphia has a Penn label on it, such as Penn Square, the Pension Office, Waterman's Fountain Pen, etc., to say nothing of the statue on the tower of the Public Buildings. (These buildings, instead of being called the city hall, are called the Public Buildings because it is claimed the public was fleeced until the shears cut into its hide when the place was built, and as a result several Quakertown millionaires are said to be carrying city money in their pockets as they stroll

through the mussy lobby of the Walton Hotel; but here, I must not get so close to personalities in my history, because I am a great historian, even though some of my ancestors were touched for appropriations for the great white building that stands in front of Broad Street Station, and, worst of all, they came up with the coin. (Patriotic but *easy*, hey?)

Anyway, Penn was a pretty good sort, and all the Friends were sorry when he left them and joined the great meeting in 1701. He was as slow as molasses running from a bung hole on a cold December morning, and he imbued his tortoise nature into Philadelphia so deeply that that town now boasts of its ability to keep two years behind the times without any

effort. They have never been able to purify the air of the languor that Penn left with them, and I have been told that a man was killed there a few days ago by being run over by a hearse, but I cannot vouch for this, as my only authority is a friend of mine who is in vaudeville. He calls himself a New Yorker, although he was born in Battle Creek, Michigan, and he may be biassed. If you have ever been in the town of drowsiness, however, you will agree with me that such a fatal event as the one just mentioned is highly probable.

In 1703 the Penn colony divided itself into two sections, and called one Delaware and the other Pennsylvania.

As for New Jersey——

Well, the least said of N. J. the better.

"Yours of last year just received."

CHAPTER VII

THE LUCKY THIRTEEN

HE English planted their colonies and vegetables on the Atlantic seaboard and rapidly made good in the U. S. They pushed toward the interior of the continent, too, and populated the country that reaches from the Atlantic half way to Chicago and St. Louis.

Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Connecticut and Rhode Island were occupied by the goody-goody Puritans, and some others who were not so good.

It did not take much effort in those days to be a real bad man in Connecticut, however, as you can see when I quote one of the old blue laws of that State. "No one shall eat mince pies, dance, play cards, or play any instrument of music except the drum, trumpet or jewsharp." If a man played any one of these instruments nowadays for pleasure's sake, he would be looked upon as a fit candidate for the nut farm; so you can see that the laws of olden times were somewhat at variance with up-to-date ideas.

Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware claimed the Quakers as their population, and the Dutchmen, who

could not make a living in Holland, had settled down in New York, where better luck attended them than the old country could afford, and as a result you will find that most of the good old Dutch names that were handed down to present-day New Yorkers were accompanied by money and real estate that make the four hundred and one—the one is a new débutante with a frigid million, who just landed—about the wealthiest bunch that ever attended Weber and Field's, and dined at Sherry's after the show.

Maryland was begun by Lord Baltimore, a Catholic, who found the streets of London too hot to walk on, and the

church seats of the English metropolis too warm for regular usage. The colony was continued by a family named the Calverts, and everything went along as smoothly as could be expected at that time. They raised tobacco for the English trade and prospered much, for England, ever willing to add new vices to her already long list, took the smoking habit right into her midst and consumed, each year, a quantity of tobacco that would have made the tobacco trust declare extra dividends each week, if they had been in existence at the time.

Virginia, the home of the negro, the colonial mansion with white pillars bedecking its front, and plug-cut smoking

fodder, had been settled by the English, as had also the Carolinas and Georgia.

If you will count over the colonies I have mentioned, you will, perhaps, find that they tally twelve, but if you will read and count again you will see that there are thirteen—I am a regular Sam Lloyd as well as a great historian—and these were the thirteen original colonies that stood together so well and laid the cornerstone of our future happiness. These people were the nervy, hard-working folks of real mettle that were responsible for us and our homes. They laid the foundations on which we have built the great country of which we are now so proud, and whenever we think

of them we should take off our hats, if the weather is not too cold, and give a triple cheer. I am not cheering now, but I have my hat off; still, I suppose any fool knows enough to keep his head uncovered while in the privacy of his own den—here I am wandering again, like a tramp instead of an educator of the people, and while wandering is better than punning, still it is not becoming for a historian to ramble too much, so I will cut it out.

Back to the colonies!

The thirteen colonies were thirteen distinct governments, but they had also a great deal in common. They were English colonies; they obeyed English

laws; they called the king of England their king; they traded with each other both by land and water. Letters and newspapers were sent back and forth, but things were not done so rapidly as they are now. Neither the mails nor the males were as swift as to-day finds them. It was no cinch to go from New York to Boston or Providence. The Fall River Line, that system of boarding house boats, was not in existence then, and if you got to Providence in three days it was because luck and wind were blowing your way. Steam had not been patented at that time, and sail boats were the only crafts that plowed the salt.

The mails were carried on horseback, and if one ever got a letter that was addressed to him he was not only delighted, but also surprised. It was very common to see business letters beginning —"Yours of last year just received, and in reply would say, etc."—so you can see that our new, rapid deliveries are somewhat more handy than the old, never-get-there method is.

The first newspaper was published in Boston in 1704. It was called the "News-Letter" and consisted, mostly, of advertisements such as "Phineas Podunk has lost his old blue cow. He misses her and her milk so much that he will give the finder, who leaves her

at his back gate, a shilling and a piece of squash pie."

Little by little the colonies began to pull together, and as troubles arose in the form of Indians, etc., they soon saw that some sort of a union was needed for the good of them all. The New England bunch got together after a certain dose of Indian and decided to repel future attacks in unison. They figured that bulk repulsion was more deadly than fighting by the ounce. New Yorkers also had the same idea hatching in the incubator of public opinion and a full—"complete" would, perhaps, be a less confusing word to use in this connection—congress was held in Albany in

1754, to discuss the plan of having one government for the entire thirteen colonies. Ben Franklin, the well-known kite-flier, electrician, philosopher, printer, publisher, editor and dealer-out of good advice for young men, was one of the delegates from Pennsylvania, and he submitted a plan whereby the colonies, as a whole, should be presided over by a President, and each colony should have a governor and house of representatives.

The plan of Ben was all right. In substance we use his plan now, without paying royalties to anybody, but the English government said "Nay! Nay!" when it was tendered for inspection, and the separate colonies cried "Gadzooks!

Nit!" when it was placed before them for consideration. England thought it gave the colonies too much power, and the colonies thought it gave England too much power—so you can see politics were about as many-sided then as now.

Each day found the colonists getting sorer and sorer with England. They were being squeezed for money until they could hear their bones crack. Every method the English could think of to get a cent or two out of the husky Americans was used until it frazzled at the ends. The trusts of to-day are charity institutions compared with England in her palmy days. The poor man, nowadays, does not have to buy oil every time

its price soars a cent or two higher, but if the poor man, then, did not come up he was compelled to swallow the steel toothpick known as a bayonet.

Them was hard days, them was!

Just to give you a few tips as to how the English rubbed it into the colonists, I will explain some of the money-making stunts thought out by the grafters.

All furs and hides brought in by hunters had to be sent to England. Now and then the skin of a deceased cow was allowed to the animal's owner and rightful heir, for shoes, but only now and then. When the furs were sent to England to be sold the hunter had to pay a tax at the time of shipment, and also at the mo-

ment of its arrival in England. Then he had to come up with a commission for the fellow who sold it in London. When the money was sent him he had to fork out another tax when the check left the pier, and once again when it arrived in the U. S. This made the skin of a bear, for instance, net the hunter one shilling and tu'pence, to say nothing of the buckshot and powder. This same law applied to fish, pitch, turpentine, tar, ship timbers, and about four thousand other articles which I do not care to mention because I have not got the time.

Encouraging, hey!

Besides this, England forbade the colonies to carry on manufacturing. For in-

stance, they allowed them to take iron ore from the mines. That meant hard work and callous hands, so, of course, that was just the kind of work for the Americans. Anything that coaxed out perspiration and afforded backache was good enough for them. But when they got the ore out into daylight—that was another story. Then it slid into the hands of the English. If the colonists wanted anything made of iron, they had to send the ore to England; they coughed up a tax when it left America, and another when it reached the old country—the —— old country, as they used to call it. They paid English merchants for carrying it, English manufacturers

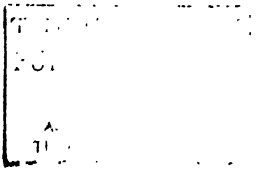
for working it, and English merchants for bringing back the finished product, not mentioning about eight other taxes and costs concerning which I have been unable to find any records.

In this way England's government and merchants were getting rich fast at the expense of the colonies, and they took good care that the colonies were not allowed to trade with any other countries. English officers kept house and sharp lookout at all the ports, and strictly enforced all laws and collected all taxes. None escaped; each had to come up for the benefit of the royal pocketbook.

The colonists were rapidly getting torrid beneath their neckwear, and the

swearing of vengeance was getting to be very popular on street corners and grocery stores until—well, it seems to me that there is going to be a scrap before many more chapters of this historical novel.

What do you think about it, placid peruser?



Paul Revere flung himself into the saddle and rode away.

CHAPTER VIII

THE BEGINNING OF THE SCRAP

ROM 1756 to 1763 England and France were having a set-to in the shape of the Seven Years' War. The French and Indian War was part of this scrap, and when peace finally came England was mistress of the American colonies and that was about all she did have. She was completely broken, and the expense of her rash expenditure of gunpowder, bullets and blood put her on her uppers for fair; so she cast her weather eye about for a tonic that would

build up her more than run-down finances. Bump!

Down fell the axe of taxation upon the neck of the easy colonists! It was called the Stamp Act and it was a wonderful piece of mechanism.

To-day we have trading-stamps that rob buyers and sellers, but the Stamp Act of 1765 had the present-day scheme whipped to a custard, to use an expression that emanated from the mind of a modern humorist. It robbed everybody and gave no premiums. The law stated that all deeds, contracts, bills-of-sale, wills, mortgages, telegrams and a thousand etceteras were illegal unless they had stamps affixed thereto. These stamps

were for sale in the colonies "between the hours of 1 A. M. and 12.60 A. M. at the British box-office." Their cost was 11 shillings, 6 pence per, which in real money means about two dollars and eighty-seven cents.

It was no cinch to sell a pair of chickens for $1.06 and then have to paste stamps on them the face value of which was more than a fresh five-dollar bill. It was an outrage, said the colonists, and they would not stand for it, so there!

In October, 1765, delegates from the colonies met in New York and decided that the Stamp Act was just one roast too much and they drew up a declaration of rights. They declared that they would

not use the stamps and *they did not.* As a result the Stamp Act was removed to the attic storeroom of the House of Lords, and it was up to Sir Reginald Doolittle and Lord Percival Needthemoney to invent some new instrument of torture. THIS WAS VICTORY NUMBER ONE FOR THE COLONISTS.

The colonies compelled Parliament, that collection of blue-bloods that had nothing but ancestors and mortgages, to remove one tax after another until the tax on tea remained alone. You must remember that most of the Americans then were nothing more nor less than Englishmen, and, then as now, tea was the great national stimulant of Britain.

Beer suits the German, chianti pleases the Dago, any old drink that thrills is good enough for the American, and tea tickles the palate of the Englishman (hence the price to pay for Shamrock I., II. and III.). So you can see Parliament thought it knew its business when it chose tea for the final tax; but, for the first and last time—ahem—in the history of the doings of that learned body, it made a mistake that eventually caused England to lose the largest tract of real estate that it ever had its hands on.

The foxy colonists were ready for them on the tea question, however. They refused to buy it. Grandma Perkins, spinster Agatha Skinner and others had

to go without their afternoon and evening cups of cheer. No more dissipation for them because of the decision of the colonists. Patent medicine advertisements began to fill the newspapers reading "Tea Habit Cured. Be patriotic and swear off drinking tea. We have the cure. Can be given on the quiet to your old maid sister Rebecca or any other aged female of your household. Sent postpaid for $1.00, or a bushel of oats," etc., and England soon began to feel the result of this concerted effort on the part of the colonists and the chemists.

The East India Company, a tea concern in which the king was a heavy stockholder, had, in their warehouse,

seventeen million pounds of tea that they planned to sell in the colonies for three times what it was worth, plus a tax of eighteen cents per pound. As you can see, this would have extracted a large lump of ready coin from the colonists and allowed the king to squander dividends in 24-horse-power automobiles; but the Americans, in concert, placed their index fingers on the left sides of their nasal appendages, and quothed, "Not on your life, Mr. King and your company. You can't work us. Take back your teas."

When the East India Company shipped their breakfast Oolong to America the vessels that carried it were promptly twisted about in their courses as they

entered most of the ports along the coast and given a swift push toward the warehouse. "Back to the home grounds," cried the colonists, and the captains backed.

The royalist governor at Boston, however, tried to enforce the landing of the tea at that port. The Bostonians would not allow it. Even the Back Bay crowd denied themselves five o'clock social events and rebelled against the landing of their favorite beverage.

Gee! It was certainly exciting for three weeks or more while the governor was trying to land the tea and the colonists were trying to point the rudders of the Oolong ships eastward.

Indignation meetings were held, day and night, in Faneuil Hall, one of Boston's places of interest (now a meat market and vegetable shop), and each time a meeting was held there appeared a larger crowd than the time before, until one night, in December, it was found necessary to cluster in Old South Church in order to have more room and, also, to add one more to the thousand historical points in Bostontown—that you can see, either by trolley or on foot, at fifty cents per head.

Together with the crowd there gathered twilight on this crisp December evening. Washington Street was thronged with indignant New Englanders, and the

homespuns glistened under the electric lights of Newspaper Row. The bulletin boards were kept busy showing up the latest tea trouble. In the church on the corner of Milk Street it was all excitement. A messenger from the governor brought the news that his honor had made his final refusal, in blue ink, and the tea must be landed.

Eye-witnesses tell me that Pandemonium reigned, although I must confess that I would not recognize this gentleman should I meet him to-morrow. I had always believed that Sam Adams held the chair on this great occasion, but, perhaps, his nickname was Pandemonium. Who knows? I don't. Neither do you.

At any rate, Sam was there, and being a nervy youth he sprang to his feet (just where they were I do not know for a certainty), and cried out in a loud voice, saying, "This meeting can do nothing more to save the country." Then a gallery god yelled, "Hurrah for Griffin's Wharf!"—and they were off.

At Griffin's Wharf were the junks that carried the tea over which there was such a commotion.

Just outside of the church, at this moment, there arose a war-whoop that cracked several windows in that vicinity —at least I have been told so by several glaziers in Boston, who claim that their grandfathers replaced the damaged glass-

ware; for you must know that every native Bostonian has an ancestor who did something in the olden times; why, dear readers, I know a bootblack who used to launder my shoes every morning when I was in Boston—and had the price—who claimed that his great-great-grandfather learned how to enjoy corned beef and cabbage two weeks before the Revolutionary War. Just think of it!

But I believe I was talking about tea and not New England dinners, so let us return to the Old South Church. When the contents of this sacred edifice heard the whoop that was raised without, some said "Harvard students," and some said

"Indians." They all piled out into the street.

It seems that a masquerade party was letting out at just the moment that the unfavorable news came from the governor, and when the masked men, who had gone as Indians from the 9th ward Republican club, heard of the governor's verdict they made a bee-line for Griffin's Wharf. As they were making this line of the busy insect, the crowd poured out of Old South and followed, and thus the Boston Tea Party, as this event was called, was one of the best attended social affairs of that year in Boston.

The wharf that Griffin owned was black with people and the Indians

swarmed over the tea ships. Each had tomahawks and they were used to good advantage on the tea chests. In less than five minutes Boston harbor was a pot of cold tea, so quickly did the contents of the hated chests leave their receptacles. It was a sight that I have never seen now, then, before or since. It was simply gorgeous, if I may use the expression. AND THIS WAS VICTORY NUMBER TWO FOR THE COLONISTS.

When Parliament heard of the Tea Party it was sore indeed. They got busy and made a new law, as was their custom whenever soreness overtook them. This law forbade Boston to load or un-

load any ships until the people of that town bagged their trousers by getting down on their knees and apologizing, and emptied their pockets by paying for the tea that had been tossed to the fishes.

This law was a solar plexus blow to the prosperity of the colony and also the primary cause of the war that was responsible for the "Daughters of the Revolution." A British fleet was anchored in Boston Harbor and a regiment of red-coated soldiers patrolled the streets of the town, trying their best to look nifty and handsome as they twirled their bamboo canes and held their noses in the air by means of the cords on their

dinky little caps. England meant to enforce the laws she had made, and I do not blame the Bostonians for getting a trifle enraged.

General Gage, the royalist governor of Massachusetts, was leader of the British troops and he marched them up and down the Common to protect the city from its inhabitants. There was not much excitement in this, and Gage, hoping to get his picture in this history of mine, planned to march, one bright, moonlighted night, to Concord, where the colonists had stored their gunpowder and other deadly paraphernalia.

When the eventful night came Paul Revere, a gentleman chosen because his

name rhymes with "hear"—('Listen, my children, and you shall hear')—flung himself into his saddle and rode away at neckbreaking pace from Boston to Concord, telling all the people that the British were marching toward the arsenal, or whatever they called the storehouse that contained the death-dealing dust. Hence when Gage and his troops reached Lexington they found a bunch of patriots lined up on the common and only too willing to hand over their powder and bullets. Why should Gage march on to Concord and steal the ammunition, when these patriots were willing to send it to him—all they had and on the fly, at that? This is a question I cannot an-

swer; all I know is that only a few of the English soldiers stopped in Lexington—these are there yet—and those that were left went on to Concord, where they proceeded to destroy the military stores. None of the jewelry stores were touched. I know this because there were no jewelry stores in town.

While they were enjoying themselves in this work of destruction they heard shots in the distance, and remembering they had left some of their number to guard Concord Bridge they hustled in that direction to find that the American minute-men—so-called because they were ready to fight without the usual two weeks' notice and also because they would

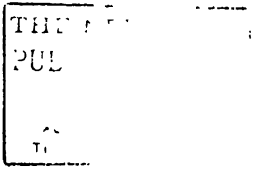
rather kill an Englishman every minute than earn gold dollars in the same length of time—were making the redcoat guards look like crimson porous plasters. In other words, the colonial militia was making short work of the king's troops, and this was the beginning of the Revolutionary War.

The Britishers retreated toward Boston and the colonists, back of stone fences, made it one of the hottest trips ever taken over the Concord road, before or since.

Thus was the great game for liberty begun and the score stood 2 to 0 in favor of the colonist team. The news spread rapidly and patriots began to pour into

Cambridge. The old town looked as busy and bustling as it does on a Harvard-Yale football day and every available field was Soldiers' Field on that memorable 20th of April.

Look out for more trouble in the next chapter.



Our old friend George Washington started in to make himself felt.

CHAPTER IX

HOT TIMES

THINGS looked very warm in Massachusetts and the inhabitants of that colony were wise to the fact. They knew that trouble was brewing about as fast as beer is brewed in Milwaukee. For this reason they sent a letter to the Continental Congress that was being held in Philadelphia and asked them to take charge of the army that was gathering in Cambridge. Congress chose George Washington to be the father of his country, because they thought his

face would look well on postage stamps. They made him General and Commander-in-Chief of the army of the United Colonies, and he immediately set out for Cambridge to take charge of the troops.

While on his way to the army that body of gentlemen was busy keeping up the reputation it had started on April 19th. Having heard that the British meant to occupy Charlestown the colonists sent troops to that beautiful suburb and breastworks were thrown up on Breed's Hill. The next day the British saw the parapets, as I think fortifications are called, and how they hotfooted in that direction was a caution. They almost flew from the ferry boats that landed them

on Charlestown neck and rushed up the hill, on the top of which were perched the cool Americans. A reporter from one of the New York papers heard some one shout, "Don't shoot until you see the whites of their eyes," and at that moment a volley of flint-locks cut short the speech and cut down the English hill climbers. Again the redcoats tried to mount the grassy incline, and again they felt the warm bullets of the patriots trickling through their systems.

By that time all the American ammunition had been inserted into Englishmen, and when the third attack came, it stayed, and the colonists moved on to give it room. The British took posses-

sion of Breed's Hill, and the battle of Bunker Hill had been fought. "Let them have the old hill; we don't want it," cried a blue-jeaned American; and, to tell the truth, it really was an unattractive hill. So much so, in fact, that we always speak of the battle as that of Bunker Hill instead of Breed's; and when a monument was erected some years ago, in honor of this altercation, it was placed on the apex of Bunker Hill, because that mound was the more beautiful.

On the 3d of July, 1775, Washington took charge of the army, and after that business was done in the war office. George was a great leader, and he set to work to do a little leading that was

bound to show results. Meanwhile he kept his keen glance directed across the Charles River toward the British in Boston.

The English troops, however, had had a good taste of New England lead, and they manfully withheld any desire that they might have had to see blood flow, because experience had taught them that the chances were in favor of their own life fluid doing most of the flowing. For this reason they decided to shift operations from Boston for a few days, so part of the fleet in the harbor was sent to Falmouth, Maine—now Portland, in the same State—and that town was burned, sacked, and wiped off the map in a jiffy.

After that the war began in earnest, and our old friend George Washington started in to make himself felt. On the 1st of January, 1776, the flag of the United Colonies was hoisted, and it has flapped in the breezes of heaven ever since; there has been no change except in the design, and there never will be.

Hurrah!

In March Washington filled Dorchester Heights with men and cannon, the latter easily snatched from an English garrison at Fort Ticonderoga. He was going to touch up Boston a bit with some shot and shell that he felt he could spare, but General Howe saw him first, and, not wishing George to be so ex-

travagant all on his account, he, with his troops, bravely fled to the ships and sailed away.

You have perhaps noticed by the dates I have given that we are now coming to the fourth of July, that day of firecrackers and busy hospitals. On this day, 1776, the Declaration of Independence was finished and signed by John Hancock, president of the Continental Congress, and fifty-five delegates from the colonies, with the result that the United States of America was started on her prosperous career, and also that the social position of descendants of the signers was assured forevermore. I think some of the descendants are prouder when they think of

the latter state of affairs than they are over the first; but I cannot say this for certain, only I have heard—but here, I am wandering again. If I am not careful, I will stroll out of history-writing into the compiling of "Who Thinks He Is Who in America," so I must keep to my subject more closely.

After the Declaration of Independence was read in Philadelphia from the balcony of Independence Hall, the liberty bell, that wonderful bell that has travelled more miles than many drummers, pealed forth its tones until it could have been heard by boarders at the new Stratford-Bellevue had that magnificent hostelry been open for business at the time. So hard was the

bell-rope tugged by the old bellman, owing to his enthusiasm on this occasion, that the old bell could not stand the strain, and soon afterward she was found to be cracked, which has made the relic all the more valuable.

Ever since that the 4th of July has been celebrated as the birthday of the nation, and it has also given small boys the chance to vent some of the pent-up vivacity that every American boy is supposed to have.

After the great Declaration of Independence, the words of which every schoolchild of to-day learns by heart and then promptly forgets, the colonies began to make laws for themselves and call them-

selves States, and in this way the United States of America started business with the thirteen original States already mentioned in this very complete history.

Each State was independent of the others, but they stood together in the common effort to free themselves from England and the king. Each State contributed troops to the Continental army and each State was ready and anxious to say farewell to its English cousins and fathers. They had been under the heel of John Bull's boot long enough, and they wanted to be free; best of all, they were willing to fight for freedom with a will.

The colonists already had a good army and brave generals, but they sent Ben

Franklin to Europe to find more if possible. In those days there were lots of young fellows who were looking for trouble—and also looking for a place in popular historical novels—so the colonists felt that Franklin, with his long hair and quiet manners, ought to be able to spot a few adventurers and entice them Americaward. Sure enough, he did so and he gathered together such men as Kosciusko, Pulaski, Kalb, Steuben and Lafayette—men who differed from most men in public life to-day, inasmuch as they were looking for blood and not for blood-money.

After the fighting got a good start the first real victory for the British was the

capture of New York City. Several years ago this city was in the possession of Anglomaniacs, but for a while after August 27th, 1776, she was under the control of real Englishmen.

Ten thousand American soldiers were scattered over New York by Washington from his headquarters at Fulton Ferry. George was a good provider, and rather than have his men walk and carry heavy cannon on their backs he hired the services of the "L" and had that charitable institution transport the recruits to Harlem Plains. Here he lodged his men most comfortably in the large and commodious suites of the magnificent apartment houses which have so long been the

pride and joy of Harlemites. Ah! Those Harlem palaces! Who has not read of the beautiful and roomy house-keeping flats of Harlem, with all their pure airiness and delightful views? Ah—but I need say no more. You can understand why my enthusiasm runs away with my pen. Grand! Grand!

And thus were the Americans encamped.

The British landed on Staten Island; and thus the two armies remained for several days while General Howe and George Washington had a little confab. Old Howe suggested peace and George said, "Sure, but we want independence with it. Nothing else," whereupon Howe

replied, "Nothing else, then," and strode away in two-four time.

That evening the whole English army, hired men, valets and all, crossed the bay and landed on Staten Island, just south of Brooklyn. They did not dare to go to Brooklyn, in the first place because no one cares to go to that town if he can help it, and in the second place because the American army was seated within the city limits.

A line of hills served as a breastworks for the American troops, and while they were looking over the crests of these hills, a detachment of the British made a circuitous march and began to pump bullets into them from the rear. It is not con-

sidered good form to be shot in the back in war, but after this scrimmage it was found that most of the damage had been done to the rear of the American troops; but, under the circumstances, this was not disgraceful on this occasion. It was called the Battle of Long Island, and resulted in a victory for the English and the capture of New York.

Just then a fog fell with a crash over the American troops, and, while it stunned some, it killed none, and under cover of it Washington wisely backed his men to the New York side. He there found it was impossible to hold New York against the army, as well as the fleet that was anchored in the bay, so he decided to retreat.

This retreat was aided by a certain American lady named Murray, who sent her servant to ask General Howe and his officers to spend a little while in her house, over cake and punch. Howe, being an "Ancient and Honorable," accepted the invitation—for the "Ancients," which is a social organization with beautiful uniforms, and on earth for the purpose of destroying food and punishing spirituous liquors—never refuse anything in the banquet line—and while he was busy with his fork and glass Putnam slipped out of New York, untouched.

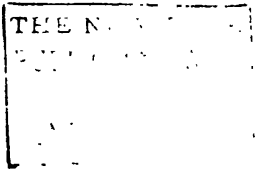
It was during this retreat that a brave act was committed which is responsible for many statues in Connecticut. It

seems that one Nathan Hale, a young man from the Nutmeg State—so called because the wooden nutmegs I have mentioned in another chapter were invented within its boundaries—volunteered to go within the English lines and find out what they were going to do. He went—and then he went to heaven, so we hope. Hence the statues.

After that, disaster after disaster seemed to walk right up and introduce themselves to Washington and his army, and for a time it looked as though the raw American troops were going to be cooked until they were well done; but they were rare boys, and it took more hot times than the English had yet been able to show them

to roast this crowd, and, besides that, they saved their best victories until the end of the war, so that I might have a good climax for the last chapter of this volume.

Get ready for the climax!



Washington crossing the Delaware.

CHAPTER X

CROSSING THE ICE—AND OTHER STUNTS

HE Americans were greatly discouraged at the succession of disasters that had made their appearance. After the hard luck at Long Island, defeat came on the run, and our honored leader, George Washington, seemed to be making a specialty of retreating. He did nothing but side-step and back up until the heels of his soldiers were swelled beyond recognition; but foxy Washington, the cherry tree mutilator, had a little idea under his white

wig that he was only biding his time to spring on the unsuspecting English.

After leaving New York, George marched his army to White Plains, with strict instructions to his men to keep their faces pointed toward the metropolis they were forsaking. He might have done this in order to be sure to see the English if they should follow; then, again, he might have desired that the inhabitants of that section should think he was coming rather than going. I do not think that any historian, other than myself, has given this solution in his work, so this is what might be termed a scoop. At any rate, he reached White Plains, foot-sore, but heart-whole,

and proceeded to gather in a little long-needed rest.

The rest consisted of but a few desultory winks, however, for Howe soon turned up and caused George to again show his valor as a retreater. In the first battles of the war George established a reputation as a retreater, but, before the Revolutionary War had gone into history —like mine—he began to go into the victory business, and in that he proved himself to be a first-rate repeater.

He withdrew, to speak mildly, across the Hudson River into New Jersey and continued his withdrawal through that beautiful State, enjoying the scenery as he went. I shall never forget the words

he uttered as he passed through Hoboken; these can best be left to the imagination.

The American army was closely followed by the British. Never have the English followed in our footsteps as they did on that occasion, and they tagged after our soldiers until they came to Trenton, where Washington crossed the river into Pennsylvania. Howe either liked Trenton with its hayseedy Inter-State Fair and other things, or he thought the campaign was over, for he went into winter quarters at once and made things as comfortable for himself and his men as was possible—in Trenton and vicinity.

Washington gave Mr. Howe plenty of

time to get settled for the cold weather. He remained on the Pennsylvania side of the river and kept mum, but in the meantime he inspected the guns and ammunition of his men and saw to it that they were well heeled for destructive purposes. He had in mind a coup that would outcoup any coup he had couped in the past. It was one that he knew would take the chill of the frosty weather they were having off the redcoated British and Hessians. But he said nothing; he only waited with the same enthusiasm which he had used in his retreats. George's enthusiasm was like the great lake in Yellowstone National Park —bottom could not be reached—and he

always carried hopefulness securely buttoned within his iron constitution.

Ah! A cold day was that memorable Christmas in 1776. The English army, stationed in New Jersey, spent the holiday in joyfulness, full of good cheer and other intoxicants. The American army, also, rallied round the Christmas tree they had found in the woods, and enjoyed themselves generally. Had they had stockings they would have had lots of fun examining the sticks of candy and five-dollar gold pieces with which they would have been filled, but as bad luck would have it, the soldiers had no socks and hence no surprises. Washington treated each man, however, with a quart

of Great Western champagne, in the first place to warm them up for a little trip he had planned, and in the second place to show them that he was wise to the fact that bubbling fluid made in our own country was as good as any that came across from the hated other side.

After the soldiers were filled with sparkling wine they began to effervesce with enthusiasm, and at an opportune moment our old chum George, the sooth-sayer, stepped into their midst, which was located somewhere between Trenton and Bristol, and raising his hat with his well-manicured right hand he also raised his voice, and said, "Gents. We have had a lovely time to-day. Now what do

you say to giving a beautiful bit of excitement to our friends across the river? Get ready to give them a little hot lead to digest the hot punch they have been punishing all day. Boats will be waiting for you at the riverside to-night. Come one, come all. You are cordially invited to be present." And with the shout of "Aye, aye, sir," ringing in his ears he retreated to his headquarters.

Chunks of ice filled the river. It looked as though the Knickerbocker Ice Company had dumped all its stock into the Delaware. I never saw so much ice between New Jersey and this country in all my life, and it reminded me of the act in Stetson's Uncle Tom's Cabin, No. 8,

where Eliza crosses the ice, accompanied by her mother, Little Eva.

As Washington stood on the bank on that historical evening and gazed out over the frost-bitten waters he almost lost his nerve; but gritting his teeth and turning up his trousers, he jumped aboard of one of the boats and stood, like a statue, in the bow. Several artists who were on the railroad bridge drew the beautiful picture he presented, and many of these wonderful paintings now adorn the walls of patriotic citizens—and each one is the original.

When Washington and his army arrived at Trenton they surprised the enemy in their camp, and took one thousand of

them prisoners, which was a very substantial Christmas present for the American people at that stage of the game, and this little gift marked one of the turning points in the Revolutionary War. It was right here in Trenton that a period was placed after the big victories of the English, and the American army began to do stunts that caused John Bull to finally go back to the old country and graze on his own pastures.

After the Trenton episode, Washington marched to Princeton and there defeated and scattered the British army once again. The battle occurred just as the Princeton students were going to chapel, and it is needless to say that there was no service

on that morning. Several old alumni that I have interviewed tell me that they never saw such a free-for-all, outside of a meeting of the senior class, in their lives as happened on the Princeton battlefield on the morning of January 3, 1777. Its equal was not again seen in Princetontown until the Yale-Princeton game of 1898, when Arthur Poe made his famous run.

After Washington kicked a goal from the field the British team knew that it was good-day for them, so they ran off the field and hid in Potter's woods, while the American army triumphantly marched to Morristown, the town of New York tax-skippers, and went into winter quarters.

In the spring of 1777 war was started

up again. Time had been taken out by the timekeeper during the winter months, but before the ground thawed the slaughtering business was opened up once more at the old stand.

After the scrap, which had been continued to our next, had begun, winged victory flew from one side to the other. First she wobbled into the camps of the Americans, and then she staggered over to the English side; but it was not until she perched on our tent-poles, after the surrender of an English commander called Burgoyne, at Saratoga, on the steps of the United States Hotel, that the real turning-point of the war was reached. With this surrender came arms, powder and cannon, and we needed them badly,

It gave courage to the American soldiers, and soreness to those who were watching the newspaper reports in England.

Soon after this France came over to our side and promised to help us with her navy, and she stuck to her promise like the good fellow she has always been.

General Clinton, who succeeded Howe as leader of the English, left Philadelphia one fine morning and started for New York. He was met at Monmouth Court House, New Jersey, however, and Washington taught him a lesson that he never forgot; and when Clinton and his cluster of cripples left the field that day he was heard to say, "Washington is a son-of-a-gun and a dabster at this game. Fudge!"

The English generals tried to establish

themselves in New York, and after that was found to be too exciting for them they attempted to cut New England from the rest of the colonies and hold that section of the United States for their own dear selves. But it was of no use. There was nothing doing for them, so they took another chance and aimed for the southern states.

Here luck came their way, at first. The sunny south seemed to agree with their fighting blood, and they soon took Savannah without half trying, and held onto it, just as though it was worth having. The next town they gathered in and added to their collection of deserted villages was Charleston, which went over to the English, theatres, licenses *et al.* (don't forget *al.*), in the spring of 1780. Soon

after this Camden, S. C., joined the collection—and the Americans began to get tired of this snatching of townships almost before they could finish them.

But Dame Fortune still refused to make love to us. Trouble came thick and fast, and about that time Benedict Arnold, the meanest man America had ever turned out, did his world-renowned stunt, of which we are all so heartily ashamed. There is no use saying much about it. He tried to give inside information to the English that would enable them to capture West Point, but Major André, who carried Arnold's letter, was caught and searched, and—well—poor fellow—that's about all. André was suspended and Arnold was expelled.

Well, patient readers, we are now nearing the end of the war—and, incidentally, the end of this great history of mine. The benefits our nation has received from this war can never be estimated, nor can the benefits my history will donate to this same great people. Sometimes I shut my eyes and picture, in my mind's eye, George Washington and myself standing side by side, hand in hand. Then I gently ponder, "Which of us shall have the higher pedestal in the Hall of Fame?" I will not repeat the answer I make to this question for fear you may think I am a boaster.

After a lot of manœuvring Washington finally caught Cornwallis, the English general, in a trap at Yorktown, and a siege

of that town was begun in September, 1781. Each day the English received American shot and shell for breakfast, lunch and dinner, not to speak of a light supper of grapeshot and rocksalt after the theatre. Before long the English were so lavishly entertained that they began to show signs of fatigue, and on the 19th of October they were ready to wave the only white flag there was in the camp—a handkerchief, I believe it was—and they did so. Cornwallis surrendered his whole army to Washington at Yorktown on that bright fall morning, and the war was over.

We then had our independence, and we still have it. I have not heard any reports lately that we were going to give it up. But if worst ever comes to worst

you can count on me. I will go out and defend my country any day in the week, if you will let me know a few weeks ahead so that I will not have any other engagements in the way. With my Bowie knife and Flobert rifle I will take my stand at the front—but I do not think I will be needed this week. I merely wanted you to know, before I leave you, that I am as brave as a fighter as I am as a historian, and it takes a valiant man to write a history like this one.

Tell your friends about this book—it's a marvel.

FINIS.

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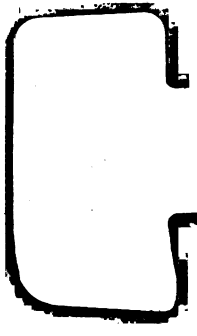
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